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*Amos Stephen Esq -
with the kindest regards from
Attached please find
1.1. Grey
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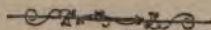
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CHRISTIAN LIFE,

BY THE

Rev. John Temperley Grey.



Profits from the Sale of this Little Work will be given to the Bazaar
and, in connection with the Congregational Church, Olney, Bucks.



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1868.

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TO
MY DEAR WIFE,
*THESE LAYS, OF THAT CHRISTIAN LIFE,
WHICH WE HAVE SHARED TOGETHER,
ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.*

LAYS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Old Question.

"IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"—*Job.*

AND is the grave the end of all?
I sit and muse, my heart feels sore.
Shall I and mine but form the floor,
For others whom the years shall call.

Oh! dark, cold grave! I seem to see
This body coffin'd up in gloom,—
The funeral pomp, and then the tomb,
And sad I ask what next shall be?

I sit and watch till slow decay
Those lips so ripe, those cheeks so fair,
And those long folds of raven hair,
Through which the worms glide in their play.

And this the end! I shut my eyes
Of soul, and mind—of praise and prayer,—
Is there no future anywhere
To which this yearning heart may rise?

Is there but one stern, sombre fate?
And must these inner yearnings die?
Then all my nature is a lie,
And life itself I loathe and hate.

Is there no voice, from all the past,
 To kill despair, and quicken hope—
 To give me strength that I may cope
 With death, and conquer at the last !

Can it be true, the sceptic's sneer,
 That none have slain the mighty foe,
 That none have come again to show
 The mysteries of that further sphere.

" Oh ! doubting heart, thy doubts are vain,"
 So spake to me a still small voice,
 " Awake thy harp, and loud rejoice,
 For death who slays is also slain.

" For he who clothed the Godhead strong
 In sinful flesh, and here abode,
 Hath made the grave a living road
 To seraph's life, and angel's song."

" Take thou that Lord and make Him thine—
 Then death will be a kindly hand
 That guides thee to a higher land,
 And robes thee in a life divine.

The Obedience of Love.

" MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE, AND I KNOW THEM, AND THEY
 FOLLOW ME,"—*John xi. 27.*

THOUGH darkness shadows all the scene,
 And nameless perils haunt the way.
 And seas and rivers rush between,
 Yet Master call us, we obey.

Though pleasures tempt on every hand,
And sweetest voices bid us stay,
And sunshine gladdens all the land,
Yet Master call us, we obey.

Though fame presents her fairest prize,
And mammon sues us to delay,
And love looks out of longing eyes,
Yet Master call us, we obey.

For Thine we are, and Thine would be,
Still nearer, dearer, every day,
We only live to follow Thee,
Then Master call us, we obey.

An Aspiration.

OH ! God my Father, I am weak ;
Prone, when doubts assail, to fall ;
Help me Thy commands to keep—
Thy great love o'er-shadows all.

Let Thine arm of succour rest,
Upon the thorny path I tread ;
And all life's sorrows will be blest—
Bright crowns of glory round my head.

Oh ! God my Father, make me Thine ;
Guide me, teach me :—let each day
Have fruitage rich in deeds of mine,
That shall point the Heaven-way.

Let my life bear high record
Of my kinship, Lord, with Thee ;
In every act, and thought, and word,
May Christ, our Lord, be seen in me.

Oh! God, my Father, in Thine eyes
 My ways are evil, full of strife :
 Make me gentle, let me rise,
 Into a higher, purer life.

Though tempted oft, may I abide,
 Steadfast in the life divine ;
 And casting all vain thoughts aside,
 Strive, really, truly, to be thine.

Emmanuel.

"THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US."—
John i. 14.

GREAT Son of God—great Son of Man!
 Who didst our human nature take,
 And out of all its foulness make
 As light so clear the Father's plan.

Who stood in all our steps, and trod
 In all its length the human way ;
 And sin, and ill, and death did slay,
 And bound together man and God.

Thine is the heart that feels our woe,
 And Thine the voice of all who plead :
 And Thine the love that meets our need,
 And Thine the hand that smites our foe.

* * * * *

When first we know ourselves, and know
 The guilt of guilt, the wrong of wrong,
 And all that we think safe and strong,
 Dissolves as fast as summer snow,—

While all our histories do but tell
 Of petty aims, and selfish strife ;
 Of life that having lost its life,
 Is slowly sinking into hell.

Then as the anguished heart finds vent
In tears, and groans, and cries for grace,—
Thine is the soft and kind embrace,
Of arms that fold the penitent.

* * * * *

When wave on wave of sorrow rolls,
And hopes are dim, and hearts are faint,
And songs of praise are changed to plaint,
And darkness shadows all our souls.

Thine is the strong protecting arm,
That bears us through the wild uproar,
Of waters fierce unto the shore :
And hushing every vague alarm—

Thine are the words that fall like balm,
And tell of loss that brings a gain,
Of highest joys that spring from pain,
Till grief itself doth die in calm.

* * * * *

When clamorous doubts the man appal,
And never cease their fearful cry,
And give to all his hopes the lie,
And hold him in a darksome thrall.

Then as he shrinks away from those,
Who having no one doubt to quell,
Would frown the doubter into hell,
Thine is the love that gives repose.

For leaning safe upon Thy breast,
While rapture smiles through every tear,
He marvels at his former fear,
And bathes in blissful sense of rest.

Dawning.

OH ! for a glimpse of light,
 For a beam of perfect day !
 Weary darkness, dreary night,
 Frozen skies of sombre grey :
 "Death in life," O pass away !
 For my soul is yearning, yearning,
 Yearning for the day.

Earth whispers—"Idle dreams—
 Fancies of a ruin'd mind ;
 Cheating visions—fleeting gleams—
 Currents of an evil wind
 Drifting all Thy life astray."
 Still my soul is yearning, yearning,
 Yearning for the day.

Oh ! happy, holy morn,
 Morn of manful, deedful strife,
 Crushing envy, hushing scorn,
 Presage of the higher life !
 Lift me from the gloom away,
 For my soul is yearning, yearning,
 Yearning for the day.

Day.

JUST awakening to the light,
 From the long embrace of night !
 Just awakening in thy might.

Stepping forth from out the grave ;
 Royal manhood, earnest, brave,
 Dreaming of a world to save.

Heroic Greatheart, with a leap
 Springing into life from sleep,
 Into life with purpose deep.

Crown'd with living love of right,
Seeing with God-given sight,
All the darkness, all the light.

Working on with cheerful will,
Knowing that through seeming ill ;
The world moves onward, higher still.

Living Christ ! mid hate and scorn,
To peoples, nations, yet unborn,
Thy life shall bring a glorious morn.

The Bereaved One.

MY friend bereaved, I fain would give
Some solace to thy bleeding heart,
For it is sad, and hard to part,
But sadder, harder still to live.

Life's charm is gone, life's day is done,
Its joy, its hope, its love laid low :
The heights, and depths of human woe,
Receive no shining of the sun.

We knew her worth, and lov'd her well,
And dimly feel how great thy grief ;
Oh ! would that we might give relief ;
But words are dumb, and cannot tell.

How much the dead prefigur'd stood,
To us, of sweet and sainted life :
As friend, as mother, and as wife,
We knew her as a living good.

The times of old come back again ;
The friendly house, her kindly ways,
And hoarded joys of long-gone days,
Which add a keener pang to pain.

And thus with smitten heart we see,
Or think we see, but yet are blind—
The dreary darkness of thy mind—
The void that is, and still will be.

The earth hath lost another grace—
Thy heart and home are reft of love ;
But these, my friend, have use above,
A nobler sphere, a higher place.

She is not dead, but moves and lives—
Is still the mother, still the wife ;
And in a sweeter mode of life,
To thee, and thine, her service gives.

Her fight is o'er. the crown is won,
The mortal robes are laid aside—
In Christ array'd a deathless bride,
She waits for thee beyond the sun.

Yes! waits thee now, Oh! friend of mine,
And longs that thou might with her share,
The peace and love that mingle there,
And ever grow in life divine.

Under the Trees.

THE leaves are fluttering to the ground,
For all their summer-life has fled ;
The trees will bloom again in spring—
The leaves are dead.

Toss'd by many a wanton breeze,
They tremble down in sighing showers,
And as they fall I seem to see
This life of ours.

So falls each hope, so fades each dream,
And all of earth to which we cling ;
But we shall live, and find above
Eternal spring.

Spring.

SING on, oh lark ! in the heavens blue,
Sing thy song in the glad sunshine,—
There is a music in my heart—
An echo of that song of thine.

Shine on, oh happy day of spring !
All nature bursting into bloom ;
Within I feel a kindred life,
My soul emerging from the gloom.

The Young Disciple's Prayer.

GO with me, dear Saviour, go,
In every step of my pilgrim way ;
And then I shall be bold and strong,
Come what may.

Go with me, dear Saviour, go,
Into all my struggles sharp with sin,
And though the strife be long and sore,
I shall win.

Go with me, dear Saviour, go,
Where the sunshine falls in dazzling rays,
And then undazzled I shall still
Serve and praise.

Go with me, dear Saviour, go,
And though all be dark around, above,
Yet in the very dark I'll find
Higher love.

Go with me, dear Saviour, go,
Raise me, fallen—help me when I win,
And make me loathe, as thou dost loathe,
Thought of sin.

Go with me, dear Saviour, go,
 And though angry tempests surge and foam,
 Yet they shall bring me, ruled by thee
 Nearer home.

Go with me, dear Saviour, go,
 When the mists of death steal o'er my eyes,
 And then beyond the gloom I'll see
 Paradise.

The Rigot.

A NARROW soul, whose narrow creed
 Lays rule and compass to the heart,
 And plays at Euclid with each need,
 Which speaks the man of God a part.

Who porter stands at heaven's gate,
 And opes but to the little clan
 Who his own little dogmas prate,
 And talk the Shibboleth of man.

Who makes "the new and living way,"
 A way of church, and sect, and form;
 And gives a world to be the prey,
 Of quenchless fire, undying worm.

Who portions out the bounds of grace—
 The place, the circumstance, the time—
 And peoples hell with race on race,
 From Arctic shore to Afric's clime.

Whose God is cruel, vengful, stern;
 No heart of love, no father's ear,
 For all the erring ones who yearn
 To tell him every doubt and fear.

Who fails to see that mercy, love,
And common homage, paid to right,
Are rays from the great sun above,
The glimmerings in each soul of light.

Who marks not in each rising prayer—
To sculptured idol, though it be
The witness of a yearning there,
The God beyond, unseen to see.

Go, bigot, go ! but ere we part,
The motions of thy nature scan,
Then ask thine own deep human heart,
Shall God have less of love than man ?

In the Chamber of Death.

DIE away, oh cruel past !
With all thy bitter mock and scorn ;
Wrestling, toiling, from the cradle,
Manhood dying, weak and worn.

Weak and faint, but not afraid ;
Having no regret or grief ;
Manhood dying full of faith,
In the future of Belief.

Fade away, all carking care ;
All passion—storm ; all olden strife,
And let the trembling spirit pass
From mortal to immortal life.

Pass away, oh dread disease !
Benumbing, chilling heart and brain,
With long dark days and nights of woe,
Lone Gethsemanes of pain.

Die away, oh tortured heart !
Into the sweet relief of death,
Where cometh neither woe nor pain,
Nor evil tongue, nor poisoned breath.

Where peace is crowned lord of all
And reigns in an eternal calm.
Rest there, dear heart, while all thy worth
Mongst holiest memories we embalm.

Have Faith.

UPON life's highway, jaded, weary,
I sat me down to rest awhile :
Before me frowned a barren desert—
Sepulchral sand, stretch'd mile on mile,
Drear wastes of sand, without a flower,
To cheer the pilgrim by its smile.

Behind me shone a happy land
Of flowers, fruits, and glad sunshine,
Where cots and castles nestled close,
Neath the fig-tree and the vine,
And I was sad—sad unto death—
For that fair land once was mine.

But spoke a voice within my heart,
Have faith—cast out the giant despair ;
Have faith, and peace, glad peace shall reign ;
For God will strengthen thee to bear
Thy desert age, and thou shalt find
His "Ark of Refuge" everywhere.

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